

THE  
Ex-Ale-tation

OF  
A L E.

Written by a Learned Person, &c. &c. BA



LONDON,

Printed by J. K. 1788

IX-Ale-tion



LONDON

Printed by J. R. 1862



THE  
Ex-Ale-tation

O F  
ALE.

**N**ot drunken, nor sober, but neighbour to both;  
I met with a Friend in *Ales-bury* Vale;  
He saw by my face, that I was in the Case  
To speak no great harm of a Pot of good Ale.

Then did he me greet, and said, since we meet,  
(And he put me in mind of the name of the Dale)  
For *Ales-bury's* sake some pains I would take,  
And not bury the praise of a pot of good Ale.

The more to procure me, then he did adjure me  
 If the *Ale* I drank last were happy and stale,  
 To do it its right, and stir up my sprite,  
 And fall to commend a *pot*, &c.

Quoth I, To commend it I dare not begin,  
 Lest therein my Credit might happen to fail;  
 For, many men now do count it a sin,  
 But once to look toward a *pot*, &c.

Yet I care not a pin, For I see no such sin,  
 Nor any thing else my courage to quail :  
 For, this we do find, that take it in kind,  
 Much vertue there is in a *pot*, &c.

And I mean not to taste, though thereby much grat't,  
 Nor the *Merry-go-down* without pull or hale,  
 Perfuming the throat, when the stomack's afloat,  
 With the Fragrant sweet scent of a *pot*, &c.

Nor yet the delight that comes to the Sight  
 To see how it flowers and mantles in graile,  
 As green as a *Leeke*, with a smile in the cheek,  
 The true orient colour of a *pot*, &c.

But I mean the *Mind*, and the good it doth find;  
 Not only the *Body* so feeble and fraile :  
 For, *Body* and *Soul* may bless the *Black-bowle*,  
 Since both are beholden to a *pot*, &c.



For,

For, when heaviness the mind doth oppress,  
 And sorrow and grief the heart doth assaile,  
 No remedy quicker than to take off your Liquor,  
 And to wash away cares with a pot, &c.

The widow that buried her Husband of late,  
 Will soon have forgotten to weep and to waile,  
 And think every day swain till she marry again,  
 If she read the contents of a pot, &c.

It is like a belly-blast to a cold heart,  
 And warms and engenders the spirits vitale,  
 To keep them, from damage, all spirits owe their he-  
 To the Spirit of the buttery a pot, &c. (mage

And down to the legs the vertue doth go,  
 And to a bad Foot-man is as good as a saile;  
 When it fills the Veins, and makes light the Brains,  
 No Lackey so nimble as a pot, &c.

The naked complains not for want of a coat,  
 Nor on the cold weather will once turn his tail:  
 All the way as he goes, he cuts the wind with his Nose,  
 If he be but well wrapt in a pot, &c.

The hungry man takes no thought for his meat,  
 Though his Stomack would brooke a ten penny baile;  
 He quite forgets hunger, thinks on it no longer,  
 If he touch but the sparks of a pot, &c.

The poor man will praise it, so hath he good cause,  
 That all the year eats neither *Partridge* nor *Quail*,  
 But sets up his rest, and makes up his Feast  
 VWith a crust of *brown bread*, and a *pot*, &c.

The *Shepherd*, the *Sower*, the *Thresher*, the *Mower*,  
 The one with his *Scythe*, the other with his *Flaile*,  
 Take them out by the poll, on the peril of my soll,  
 All will hold up their hands to a *pot*, &c.

The *Blacksmith* whose bellows all Summer do blow,  
 VWith the fire in his Face still, without e're a vaile,  
 Though his throat be full dry, he will tell you no lye,  
 But where you may be sure of a *pot*, &c.

VWho ever denies it, the Prisoners will praise it,  
 That beg at Gate, and lye in the Goale:  
 For, even in their *Fetters*, they think themselves better,  
 May they get but a two-penny black *pot* of *Ale*.

The Beggar whose portion is alwayes his prayers,  
 Not having a ratter to hang on his taile,  
 Is as rich in his rags, as the churle in his bags,  
 If he once but shakes hands with a *pot*, &c.

It drives his poverty clean out of mind,  
 Forgetting his *brown bread*, his *wallet* and *maile*;  
 He walks in the house like a *fix-footed Louse*,  
 If he once be enrich'd with a *pot*, &c.

And



And he that doth dig in the ditches all day,  
 And wearies himself quite at the plough-tail,  
 VVill speak no less things than of *Queens* and of *Kings*,  
 If he touch but the top of a *pot*, &c.

'Tis like a VVhetstone to a *blunt wit*,  
 And makes a supply where Nature doth fail:  
 The dullest wit soon will look quite through the Moon,  
 If his temples be wet with a *pot*, &c.

Then DICK to his *Dearling*, full boldly dares speak,  
 Though, before (silly fellow) his courage did quail;  
 He gives her the *smouch*, with his hand on his pouch,  
 If he meet by the way with a &c.

And it makes the *Carter* a *Courtier* straight-way,  
 With Rhetorical terms he will tell his tale,  
 With *Courtesies* great store, and his Cap up before,  
 Being school'd but a little with a &c.

The *Oldman*, whose tongue wags faster then his teeth,  
 (For old-age by nature doth drivel and drele)  
 Will frig and will sing, like a dog in a string,  
 If he warm his cold bloud with a &c.

And the good *Old clerk*, whose sight waxeth dark,  
 And ever he thinketh the print is too small,  
 He will see every letter, and say Service betwixt,  
 If he glaze but his eyes with a &c.

The cheeks and the Jaws to commend it have caus'd  
 For where they were late, but even wan and pale,  
 They will get them a colour, no *crimson* is fuller,  
 By the true dist and tincture of a *pot*, &c.

Mark her Enemies, though they think themselves wise,  
 How meager they look, with how low a waile;  
 Now their cheeks do fall, without spirits at all,  
 That alien their minds from a *pot*, &c.

And now that the grains do work in my brains,  
 No things I were able to give by retails  
 Commodities store, a dozen and more,  
 That flow to Mankind from a *pot*, &c.

The MUSES would muse any should it misuse  
 For it makes them to sing like a *Nightingale*,  
 With a lofty trim note, having washed their throat  
 With the *Caballine* Spring of a *pot*, &c.

And the *Musicians* of any condition,  
 It will make him reach to the top of the *Stair*,  
 It will clear his pipes, and moisten his lights,  
 If he drink alternatim a *pot*, &c.

The *Parr* Divine, that cannot reach Wine,  
 Because that his money doth many times fail,  
 Will hit on the vein to make a good strain,  
 If he be but inspir'd with a *pot*, &c.



For Ballads *ELDERTON* never had Peer, won 100  
 How went his wit in them, with how merry a Gale;  
 And with all the Sails up, had he been at the Cup, 101  
 And washed his beard with a pot, &c. no 100

And the power of it shoves, no whirle in *Prose*, ed 1  
 It will file one's Rhase, and for forth his Tale:  
 Fill him but a Bowle, it will make his Tongue trouls;  
 For flowing speech flows from a pot, &c. wo 100

And Master Philosopher, if he drink his part, how 100  
 Will not trifle his time in the bush or the shale,  
 But to go to the kernell by the depth of his Art, 101  
 To be found in the bottom of a pot, &c. 100

Give a Scholar of *OXFORD* a pot of Sixteen, 101  
 And put him to prove that an *Apr* hath no taile,  
 And sixteen times better his wit will be seen, 100  
 If you fetch him from *Ratley* a pot, &c. 100

Thus it helps Speech and wit, and it hurts not a while, A  
 But rather doth further the *Virtues Morale*, 101  
 Then think it not much if a little touch a rowl 100  
 The good moral parts of a pot, &c. 100

To the Church and Religion it is a good Friend, 100  
 Or else our Fore-Fathers their wisdom did faile,  
 That at every mile, next to the Church stile, 101  
 Set a *consecrate house* to a pot, &c. 100

But now, as they say, Beer bears it away ;  
 The more is the pity if right might prevail to  
 For, with this same Beer, came up Heresie here,  
 The old Catholick drink is a pot, &c.

The Churches much ow, as we all do know ;  
 For when they be drooping and ready to fall,  
 By a *whitson* or Church Ale, up again they shall go,  
 And owe their repairing to a &c.

Truth will do it right, it brings Truth to light,  
 And many bad matters it helps to reveal;  
 For, they that will drink, will speak what they think ;  
 T O M tell-truth lies hid in a &c.

It is *Justices* friend, she will it commend ;  
 For, all is here served by *measure* and *tale* :  
 Now, *true-tale*, and good *measure*, are *Justices* treasure,  
 And much to the praise of a &c.

And next I alledge, it is *Fortitudes* edge :  
 For, a very Cow-heard, that shrinks like a Snail,  
 Will swear and will swagger, and out goes his Dagger,  
 If he be but armed with a &c.

Yea, A L E hath her *Knights* and *Squires* of degree,  
 That never wore *Corset*, nor yet shirt of mail,  
 But have fought their fights all, 'twixt the pot & the wall,  
 When once they were dubb'd with a &c.

And

And (sure) it will make a man suddenly *wise*,  
 Ere-while was scarce able to tell a right tale;  
 It will open his jaw, he will tell you the Law,  
 As made a right *Becher* of a *pot*, &c.

Or he that will make a *bargain* to gain,  
 In *buying* or *selling* his goods forth to *sale*,  
 Must not plod in the mire, but sit by the fire,  
 And seal up his Match with a *pot*, &c.

But for *Soberness*'s needs, must I confess,  
 The matter goes hard; and few do prevail  
 Not to go too deep, but temper to keep,  
 Such is the *Attractive* of a *pot*, &c.

But here's an amends, which will make all Friends,  
 And ever doth tend to the best avail;  
 If you take it too deep it will make you but sleep;  
 So comes no great harm of a *pot*, &c.

If (reeling) they happen to fall to the ground,  
 The fall is not great, they may hold by the Railer;  
 If into the water, they cannot be drown'd,  
 For that gift is given to a *pot*, &c.

If drinking about they chanc: to fall out,  
 Fear not that *Alarm*, though flesh be but frail;  
 It will prove but some blowes, or at most a bloody nose;  
 And friends again straight with a *pot*, &c.

And

And *Physick* will favo'r *ALE* as it is bound,  
 And be against *Beer* both tooth and naile;  
 They send up and down all over the town  
 To get for their Patients a *pot*, &c.

Their *Ale-berries*, *camples* and *Possets* each one,  
 And *Syllabubs* made at the *Milking-pale*,  
 Although they be many, *Beer* comes not in any,  
 But all are compos'd with a *pot*, &c.

And in very deed the *Hop's* but a Weed,  
 Brought o're against Law, and here set to sale:  
 Would the Law were renew'd, and no more *Beer* brew'd  
 But all men betake them to a *pot*, &c.

The Law that will take it under his wing,  
 For, at every *Law-day*, or *Moot of the bale*,  
 One is sworn to serve our *Sovereign* the King,  
 In the ancient Office of a *Conner of Ale*.

There's never a Lord of *Manner* or of a *Town*,  
 By *Strand* or by *land*, by *hill* or by *dale*,  
 But thinks it a *Frankfeife*, and a *Member of the Crown*,  
 To hold the *Office of a pot*, &c.

And though there lie *writs*, from the *Courts Paramount*,  
 To stay the proceedings of the *Courts Paravails*,  
 Law favours it so, you may come, you may go,  
 There lies no *Prohibition* to a *pot*, &c.

They

They talk much of *State* both early and late,  
 But if *Gastign* and *Spain* their *wine* should but fail,  
 No remedy then, with us *Englishmen*,  
 But the *State* it must stand by a *pot*, &c.

And they that sit by it are good men and quiet,  
 No dangerous *Plotters* in the *Common-weale*  
 Of *Treason* and *Murder* : For they never go further  
 Than to call for, and pay for a *pot*, &c.

To the praise of *Gambrius* that good *Brittish King*  
 That devis'd for his Nation ( by the *welshmen's tale* )  
 Seventeen hundred years before *Christ* did spring,  
 The happy invention of a *pot*, &c.

The *North* they will praise it, and praise it with passion,  
 Where every *River* gives name to a *Dale* :  
 There men are yet living that are of th' old fashion,  
 No *Nectar* they know but a *pot*, &c.

The *Pills* and the *Scots* for *all* were at loss,  
 So high was the skill, and so kept under scale :  
 The *Pills* were undone, slain each mothers tongue,  
 For not reaching the *Scots* to make *Herb* *Edale* -

But hither or thither, it skills not much whether :  
 For *Drink* must be had, men live not by *Kiale*,  
 Not by *Harb* *Edale*, nor by *How-jannock*,  
 The thing the *Scots* live on is a *pot*, &c.

Now, if ye will say it, I will not deny it,  
 That many a man it brings to his bale:  
 Yet, what fairer end, can one wish to his friend,  
 Then to die by the part of a &c.

Yet, let not the innocent bear any blame  
 It is their own doings to break o're the pale:  
 And neither the *Malt*, nor the good Wife in fault,  
 If any be potted with a &c.

They tell whom it kills, but say not a word,  
 How many a man liveth both sound and hale,  
 Though he drink no *Beer*, any day in the year,  
 By the *Radical humour* of a &c.

But to speak of *Killing*, that am I not willing;  
 For that in a manner, were but to rail:  
 But *B E E R* hath its name, cause it brings to the *Biere*,  
 Therefore well-fare say I, to a &c.

Too many (I wis) with their deaths, proved this,  
 And therefore (if ancient Records do not fail)  
 He that first brew'd the *Hop*, was rewarded with a rope,  
 And found his *Beer* far more bitter than *A L E*.

O *A L E* no blende, thou *Liquor* of *L I F E*!  
 That I had but a Mouth as big as a *whale*;  
 For mine is too little to touch the least cittle  
 That belongs to the praise of a &c.

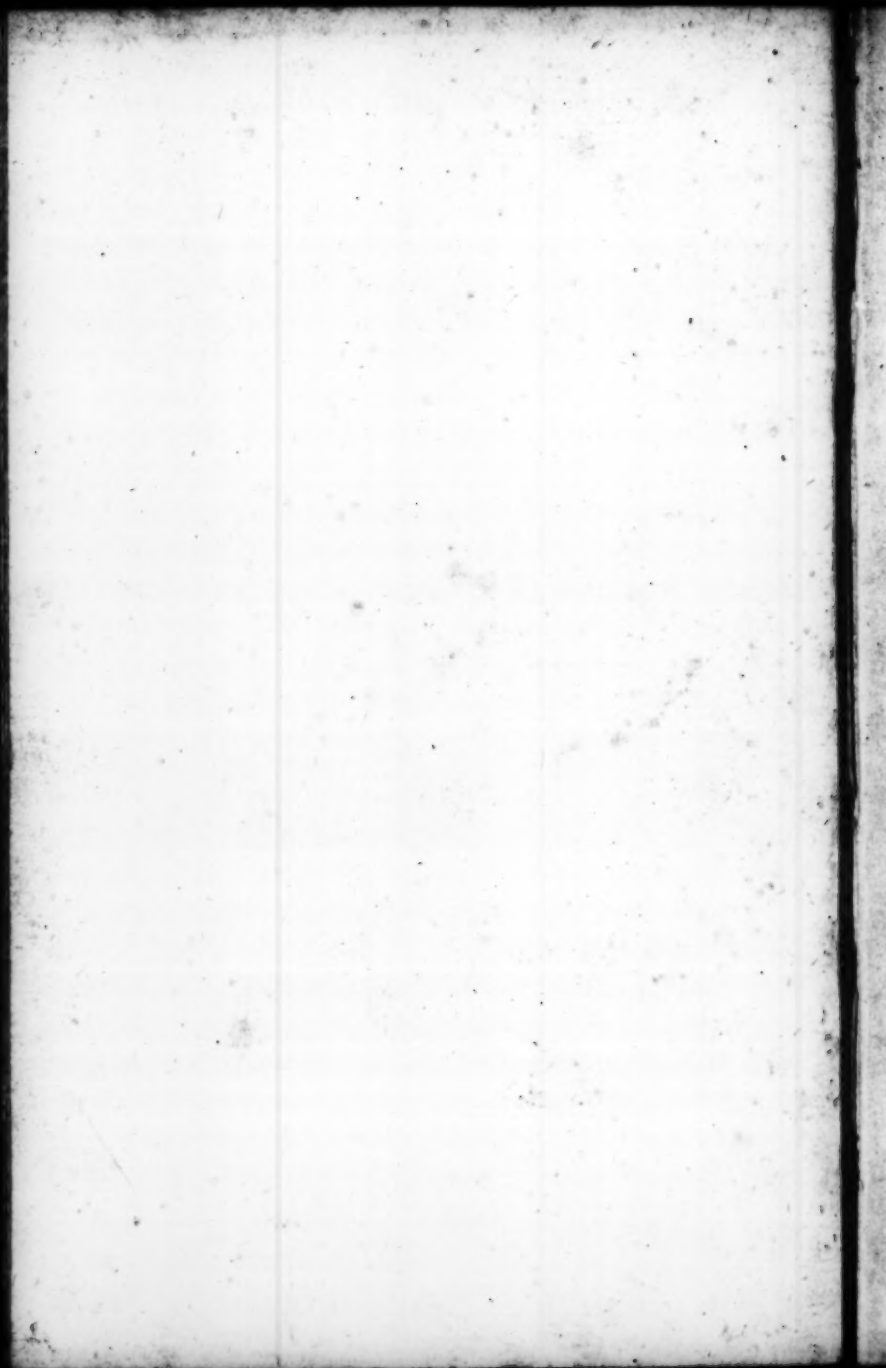
Thus



Thus (I trow) some *Vertues* I have mark'd you out,  
 And never a *Vice* in all this long traile,  
 But that after the *Pot* there cometh a *Shot*,  
 And that's th' onely *blot* of a *pot*, &c.

With that my Friend said, that *blot* will I bear,  
 You have done very well, it is time to strike saile,  
 VVee'l have six pots more, though I dy on the score,  
 To make all this good of a *Pot* of good *ALE*.

FINIS



In the Vale of Aylesbury.

**M**RS. W. BROWN will OFFER for SALE by AUCTION, at the George Hotel, Aylesbury, on Wednesday, Dec. 4, at Three, in Two lots, an important FREEHOLD PROPERTY; adapted for occupation or investment, situate in the village of Stoke Mandeville, three miles from Aylesbury, comprising four labourers' cottages, two enclosures of meadow and one of superior arable land, adjoining the road from the village to Aylesbury, containing about 22 acres; also four closes of pasture and feeding land, with a timber and slated cow-house thereon, containing together 42 acres, known as Hall End, the railway from Risborough to Aylesbury skirting the north-west corner thereof. The whole is occupied by the executors of the late Mr. William Tapping. — May be viewed on application to Charles Bennett, Esq., of Stoke House, of whom particulars may be obtained. Particulars also at the place of sale: of Mr. Shugar, solicitor; and at the office of Mr. W. Brown, land agent, Tring.